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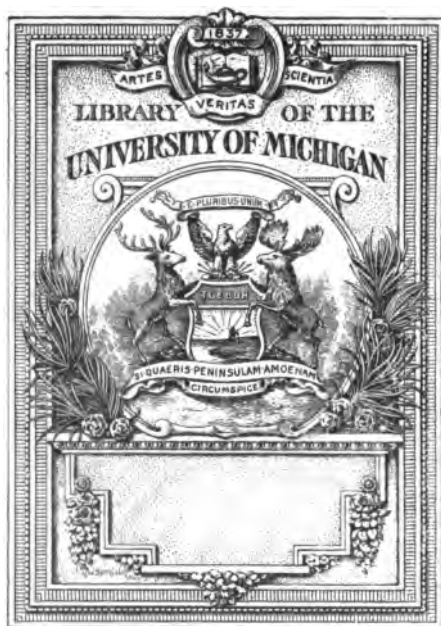
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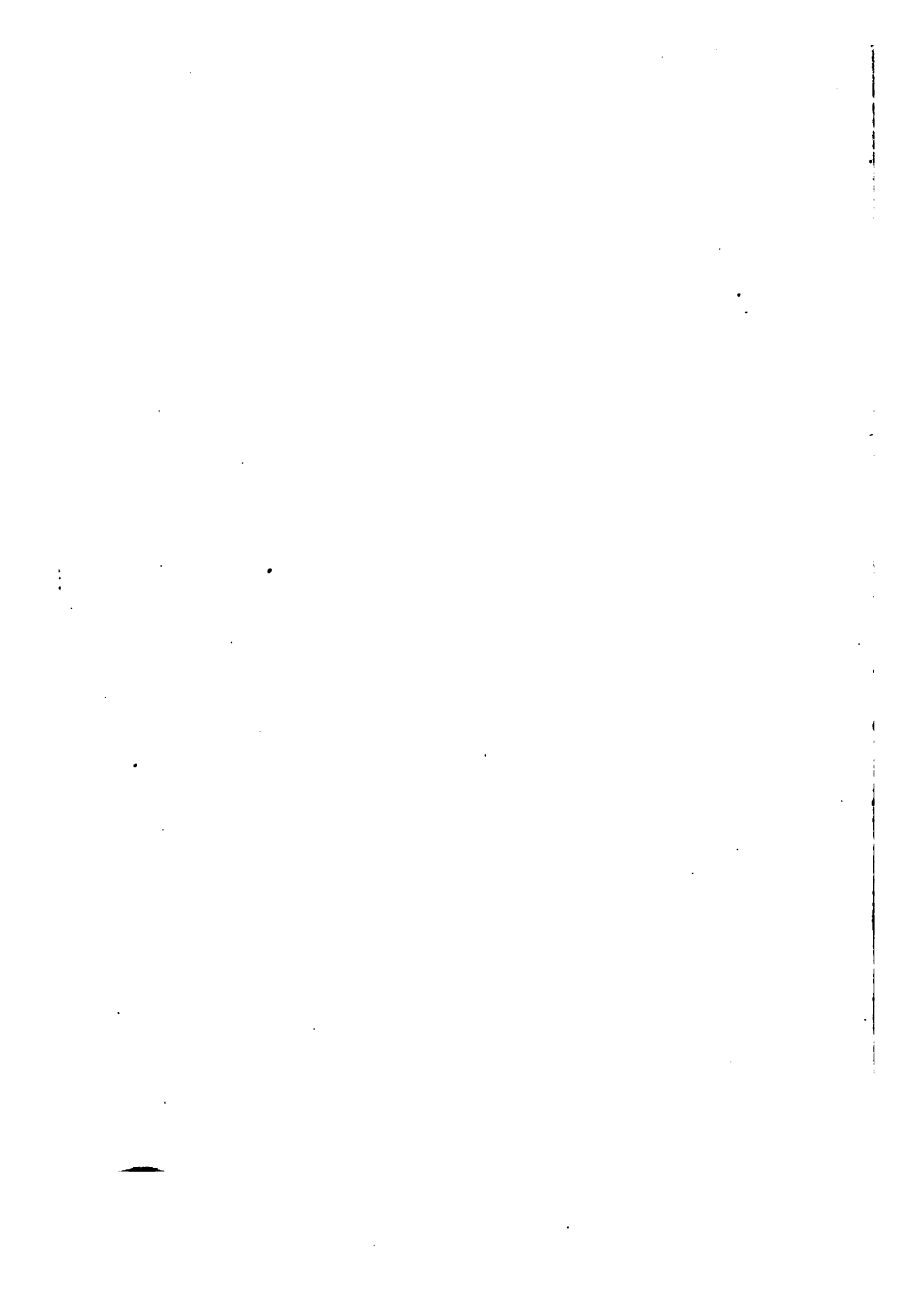
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# GLEANINGS FROM LIFE'S WAYSIDE



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—BY—

H. S. ALSHOUSE.



CHICAGO  
SCROLL PUBLISHING CO.

1902

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*Recd. Dec. 20, '77. M.A.J.*

## THE GLEANERS.

The harvest time was past, the summer ended,  
And all the ripened grain was reaped,  
When through the barren fields a stranger  
wended

His way where once their wealth was heaped;  
And where some scattered grain was intermin-  
gled

With stubble, creeping vine, or thorn,  
From out the dross the gold he slowly singled—  
All in the early autumn morn.

The chilling winds had come, and all the flowers  
Had heard the knell and sank to rest;  
When slowly, sadly through the leafless bowers—  
That once the faint and weary blessed—  
There walked a lover young, and plucked un-  
bidden

Some truant blossoms by his side—  
That, nestled in a nook, from frosts lay hidden—  
And wove a garland for his bride.

A dreamer passed o'er life's uncertain high-  
way,

With downcast eyes and faltering tread,  
And by the wayside of a narrow by-way,  
Where rays of light were rarely shed,  
Some grain he found in stony places dying,  
Some lingering flowers still abloom;  
And in the pebbled way some jewels lying  
Concealed from others by the gloom.

## IN THE WOODS.

I've bidden the world adieu to-day,  
And, leaving my burdens all behind,  
Happy and free to the woods I stray  
To find a balm for my fevered mind,  
And to read in the book divine.

In the woods is a pleasant spot I know,  
Where the dark green ferns and the daisies  
hide;  
Where the pure white flowers of laurel blow  
The maple and hemlock and birch beside,  
And a brooklet murmurs near.

Up in a skyward maple branch  
A warbler carols forever unseen,  
And the oven-bird, like an avalanche,  
Poureth his song through the leafy screen  
In a climax loud and clear.

The woodthrush's ringing, silvery tone  
Chaseth the remnants of care's alloy,  
And I think that Eden has never flown—  
With nothing forbidden I taste its joy,  
And no tempter need me allure.

I'm gay as the white moth sailing there,  
Or the butterfly resting on yonder fern;



Or the bee that is sipping the wine so rare  
That is hidden within the laurel's urn  
By yon stately beech so tall.

Some one has summed up life in this :  
To eat, to work, to sleep and die ;  
But I find his reasoning all amiss—  
He premises wrong and concludes a lie—  
For existence is not life.

There is something more in this life of ours  
Than sensuous pleasure and drudging toil ;  
I find it in birds and trees and flowers,  
In beauty, in love, in harmony's coil—  
And most in the soul of man.

I have castles and palaces all I choose,  
And riches unmeasured my argosies bring ;  
I'm a prince, my kingdom I'll never lose,  
For am I not son of a greater King  
Than ever this earth has seen ?

## MY LOST CHILDHOOD.

West of the cabin home was a thicket of sumac  
and locust  
Twined with the vine of the grape, while the  
massive rocks underneath it  
Were hidden by ivy and fern, as sin is by charity hidden.  
Just at the thicket's edge a row of fruit trees extended;  
Here an abandoned cave, whose walls were crumbling and falling,  
Formed a palace of pleasure, an Aden regained,  
for the children—  
Scene of orgies as wild as those of Arabian fancies.  
East of the cabin gurgled a spring with the clearness of crystal,  
Roofed with the wild-grape vine, forming a Chinese pagoda.  
Somewhat east of the spring a brooklet gleamed in the sunshine—  
Here many cataracts foamed and infant Niagaras thundered;  
Fultons invented their boats and sailed them on miniature oceans,  
Needing no mariner's chart, nor compass, nor stars to guide them,

For Acolus, pleased with their sport, sent his  
lightest zephyrs to waft them;

Yet many a bark was wrecked and derelicts covered  
the waters,

Many a life-line was thrown to rescue the storm-  
tossed sailor,

Crusoes were cast ashore and pined on their des-  
olate islands—

Sweet indeed are the fancies of youth and the  
make-believes of childhood,

Sweeter still when seen through the vista of  
years that have faded!

## THE SETTING SUN.

Behold the setting sun!

Throughout the day his piercing rays have  
poured  
O'er land and sea, but now his labor's done,  
The sacred bark lies moored.

Behold the towering sky

And floating clouds are bright with glowing  
tint  
But soon the varied colors fade and die,  
The day hath lost its glint.

The earth hath gone asleep,

But soon the sun, waked by the breath of  
morn,  
Shall rise again from out the distant deep,  
With glory heaven-born.

So may we when we die

Behind us leave some streaks—some noble  
thought—  
To light the path of some, or hush the sigh  
Of those whose joys are not.

These earthly forms shall rise

More fresh from out the grave wherein they  
rest,  
To find true rest and joy above the skies,  
Upon their Father's breast.

### WHAT WILL MOTHER SAY?

Dost thou pine, though foes be rife,  
To do good—the aim of life?  
Be thy motto in the strife:  
What will mother say?

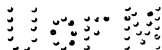
When, amid the battle's fray,  
Hope, life's sun, emits no ray,  
Think 'twill urge you on your way,  
What will mother say?

When perplexed and sore at rest,  
Knowing not which path is best,  
Here's a never-failing test:  
What will mother say?

Think, when exile is your lot,  
Of that love which can't be bought;  
When she kneels beside her cot,  
What will mother say?

When in youthful days so bright,  
Heart and mind alike are light;  
Think, when tempted from the right,  
What will mother say?

When in manhood's riper years  
Right and Duty shine not clear,  
Think, ere from the path you veer,  
What will mother say?



When your life is sere and brown,  
When by toil and care cast down;  
Think, 'twill drive away the frown,  
What will mother say?

Think, ere death has closed your eyes,  
When you meet her in the skies  
At the gate of Paradise,  
What will mother say?



### EASTER.

I've taken the sacred volume  
And glanced at each time-worn page,  
I have read the old, old story—  
More sweet with the scent of age—  
Of that first and hallowed Easter  
When, at dawning of the day,  
From the grave of Christ, the angel  
Had rolled the stone away.

My hopes are deeply buried  
In a grave of doubts and fears,  
Walled in with the rock of sorrow  
And sealed with my heart-wrung tears;  
From my soul's inmost recesses  
This thought wells forth to-day—  
O Christ, for some kindly angel  
To roll the stone away.



## THE CABIN HOME.

This is the moldering cabin. The clambering  
vines and the briers,  
Tangled and twined o'er the lawn and paths,  
flourish best round the doorway,  
Where, in days that have passed, the roses grew  
in profusion—

Even as sin thrives best in soil that dead virtue  
has quickened.

This is the moldering cabin, but its chambers  
are silent and voiceless;

Its tenants are scattered abroad and lost in the  
whirl of the desert.

Once in its Golden Age those chambers echoed  
with laughter—

Sweet as the chiming of bells in the wind-swept  
forests of Aden;

Children gaily romped and filled the cabin with  
gladness;

Orchards blessed by Pomona yielded their fruit  
in abundance;

Bees in the blossoming clover feasted on nectar  
and honey,

Madly the songsters sang and the brooklet  
fondly lingered,

Chattered the squirrels in the forest and hoarded  
their stores for the winter.

Now all is changed by time and the pleasant spot  
is deserted;



Gone are the birds and the bees and the trees  
are no longer fruitful;  
Gone to a fairer clime is the purling, eddying  
brooklet,  
Gone are the children, too, that played in the  
sun and the shadow,  
Knowing all of earth's joy and naught of its sin  
and its sorrow;  
Some on the ocean of life are tossed on the wave  
and the billow,  
Others have lived out their days and sleep in the  
graves of their fathers.



## RESIGNATION.

I built myself a palace rare,  
With spire and gilded dome,  
And said, "A stranger to care, I'll dwell,  
O soul, within this home."

But to my soul stern Duty said:  
"This home thou ne'er shalt know;  
In rougher paths, in wilder ways,  
O child, 'tis thine to go."

Upon the altar I lay my hopes,  
The cherished dream I shun;  
And deep in the depths of my broken heart  
I say, "Thy will be done!"





### SUNRISE.

Behold the sun arise!

Too bright for mortal gaze, when night is dead,  
Above the trysting place of earth and skies,  
He lifts his haloed head.

I wonder now no more

That to thee knelt the children of the Nile;  
My spirit longs as high as thee to soar,  
And linger there awhile.

Why hast the sun gone down?

He leaves on other worlds to shed his rays;  
To lift from off the land the night's dark frown,  
With noonday's torrid blaze.

So earthly suns appear,

Awhile they shed forth glowing beams of light,  
Then death's chill gloom, the grave, and sorrow's  
tear,

Ere long doth greet our sight.

Why does the soul depart?

It leaves in higher, nobler spheres to shine,  
Where all the bleeding wounds, the aching heart,  
Are healed by love divine.

**BEHIND IT ALL.**

The sylvan shade,  
The sunbeams strayed,  
That through the rifted branches glide;  
The purling stream  
Whose bubbles gleam,  
The humble flower by its side  
Whose fragrant scent  
Cannot be pent  
But floats upon the soothing breeze;  
The songster's trill  
When all is still  
And earth has sought the siren Ease;  
The clouds that fly  
Athwart the sky  
Where nightly countless orbs doth shine;  
The shower's fall—  
Behind it all  
I see—I see—a love divine.

## ASLEEP.

Summer had flown and winter  
Had come with its winds so drear,  
And seated around the fire,  
That sparkled with warmth and cheer;  
"Papa," he said, and a curly head  
Was rested upon my knee,  
"Deep, deep below 'neath the drifting snow  
Are the flowers that smiled at me,  
And what do they do in their grave below  
While the angry tempests sweep?"  
I gazed on his eager little face,  
And smilingly said, "They sleep."

Again 'tis winter, the fire gleams  
But an empty chair stands by;  
Another head rests on my knee  
And a tear is in his eye,  
"Papa, what does our Eddie do  
In his grave when the snow is deep?"  
My bosom heaves and the teardrops start  
And I softly say, "He sleeps."

## THANKSGIVING.

For the gift of eyes to view  
Nature in her brightest hue—  
Snowcapped mountains, flowery dells,  
Where the hardy yeoman dwells;  
Brooklets peerless, verdant vales,  
Seas where blow the angry gales—  
For all wonders that we see,  
Father in Heaven, we thank thee.

For the power to inhale  
Fragrant odors from the dale—  
Where the simple wild flowers bloom  
Undismayed by deepest gloom—  
Borne by summer breezes hence;  
For the shady forests dense  
Where we lie in reverie,  
Father in Heaven, we thank thee.

For the gift of ears to hear  
Song of bird, forever dear  
To the youths of every clime—  
Sweeter far than poet's rhyme—  
And the prattling of the brook  
In some close, secluded nook;  
For this power vouchsafed me,  
Father in Heaven, I thank thee.

For the power to feel the air.  
On our brows, chasing care  
Far from us as East from West—  
Evening wind, I love thee best—  
And to feel the warming sun  
Till our daily labor's done;  
For this gift of joy to me,  
Father in Heaven, I thank thee.

For the blessings of the rain,  
Making fresh and green again  
Trees and plants, and field and flower—  
Emblem of thy spirit's power—  
For the blessing of the snow,  
Falling, whitening all below—  
Light as foam upon the sea—  
Father in Heaven, we thank thee.

For the sun which holds full sway,  
Lights us, guides us through the day;  
For the moon and astral lights,  
Guiding us through darkest nights;  
For the blessing of fresh air  
Scattered round us everywhere;  
For thy boundless love to me,  
Father in Heaven, I thank thee.

For the good our poets taught,  
For the freedom that was bought  
By our fathers tried and true  
With their blood, which flowed anew  
On each gory battlefield;

For thy love, our guard and shield  
Through the mists of time to be,  
Father in Heaven, we thank thee.

Words are feeble to express  
Praises of thy thoughtfulness  
For us creatures, sinful, weak—  
It behooves us to be meek;  
We can ne'er thy love repay,  
So we humbly kneel and pray:  
Help us, Lord, the right to see,  
And, Father, we will thank thee.

## TWO ANGELS.

Mother, I see an angel—  
From the sun-kissed mead near by,  
Where a youth was romping gayly  
And the sun of life was high—  
It whirls with the passing breezes,  
That seem to whispering say:  
Your hand, little curl-crowned Rosebud,  
To the happy land away!

Mother, I see an angel—  
The voice was fainter now,  
And a peering star shone dimly  
On a pallid little brow—  
The heavens are parted, mother,  
They are coming for me, don't weep,  
Life's silken cords were broken,  
And the Rosebud fast asleep.

## TO A BROOK.

Little branchlet of the sea  
Full of music wild and free—  
Limpid fount of joy and glee—  
Happy brook, I envy thee!

Studded o'er with jewels bright—  
"Airy nothings," but for light—  
Stars to guide thee to the sea—  
Flowing brook, I envy thee!

Wanderer o'er and through the earth  
Since the moment of thy birth;  
Dweller in the cloudy sea,  
Traveled brook, I envy thee!

Kissed by zephyrs, heaven-blown,  
Sipped by flowers, choicest grown,  
Dipped by songsters in their glee—  
Quenching brook, I envy thee!

Warmed by sunshine, cooled by shade,  
Through the forest, glen and glade  
Flowing onward merrily—  
Laughing brook, I envy thee!

Happier than a child of three  
Seated on its mother's knee,  
Venting forth excessive glee—  
Babbling brook, I envy thee!

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Talk to me of birds on high  
Soaring near the azure sky;  
Happier far than all I see—  
    Brimming brook, I envy thee!

Sweeter far than song of bird,  
And all music e'er I heard,  
Is thy rippling song to me—  
    Singing brook, I envy thee!

Though with fruit and joys replete,  
Aden would be incomplete  
Till a living dancing stream  
Sparkled in the sunlight's gleam.

Had each rustic swain thy power,  
Were each one as void of sour,  
Were each soul as pure as thee,  
What a happy world 'twould be!

Lend me, brook, thy charms so sweet—  
Rhythm, rhyme, and all, complete—  
I would make such melody  
All the world should envy me.

Who has taught thee how to sing?  
Who has taught the vine to cling?  
Nature's minstrel, bard of glee,  
    Lulling brook, I envy thee!

Is thy gladness but a show?  
When there's none to hear or know,  
Does thy music cease to be?  
If so, we are kin to thee.

I was born with autumn's heat,  
When men seek thy cool retreat;  
Hence my inborn love for thee—  
Wayward child of liberty.

Through alternate shade and glow—  
Boyhood's gush and manhood's flow—  
I have roved—will rove by thee,  
Purling brook, thou soothest me!

Oft I to thy covert stray,  
Listen to the bird's sweet lay,  
And dim memories round me throng  
As I hear that joyous song.

One draws nearer unto God  
When, from trying cares unshod,  
Wandering in the forest free,  
Lone—ah, brook—alone like thee.

Lone—ah, no—each tree has voice,  
Nature, man, and all, rejoice;  
Oh, could I thus always be—  
Favored brook, I envy thee!

Oft you seem to whispering say:  
Follow me, I lead the way  
To a land where virtue dwells,  
Justice reigns, and love impels.

Yes, I feel it while I plod—  
There's a path no man has trod;  
Dost thou know where it may be?  
Learned brook, I envy thee!

Weighty secrets lie at rest  
In thy barred and bolted breast;  
Opened, what a wealth we'd see—  
Cryptic brook, I envy thee!

With our weak yet loved race,  
All our life is in our face,  
Secrets can not hidden be—  
Changeless brook, I envy thee!

On thy bosom clear and cold,  
Nature's beauties shine as gold,  
Skies and smiles entranced we see—  
Peerless brook, I envy thee!

Like the purest of our race,  
Thou dost add a winsome grace  
Of thy own, to what we see—  
Charming brook, I envy thee!

Art thou bound upon some quest,  
That thou still despiseth rest?  
Eldest bard and rambler free,  
Placid brook, I envy thee!

Go and seek a maiden fair,  
Dark of eye and waving hair;  
Heart, whose white no care can mar,  
Buoyant as the ringed star.

If her features I have seen,  
Or doth view her but between  
Bright-hued vistas of To Be—  
Go—oh, brook—'tis naught to thee.

Tell her that a weary heart  
Tired of its lonely part,  
Tired of the sham in all,  
For an answering heart-beat calls.

\* \* \* \* \*

This we at thy side doth learn:  
Though the path doth wind and turn,  
Be content through all the pain,  
Joy and duty travel twain.

'Neath yon knoll so near thy brink,  
Where the flowers stoop to drink,  
Where I lay and heard thy song  
In the summer days so long;  
There, from envy ever free,  
Let my last, last slumber be.

**THE PASSING MONTHS—A FRAGMENT**

Swift are the marches of winter, and soon in the  
fields and the highways,  
Perished the snow, and arbutus told of the coming  
of summer.

Shrill blew the bugle of March and the armies  
of winter trembled,

Heard in the sound their knell and died like the  
hosts of Assyria;

April came with her smiles and tears, and reddened  
the maples—

Scattered with lavish hand her gold o'er the  
meadows and marshes;

May touched the barren trees and, lo, they were  
laden with blossoms;

June bade the roses to bloom and strawberries  
blushed as she kissed them;

July garnered the hay and sprinkled the meadow  
with lilies.

Then came the long, warm days when August  
swayeth his sceptre,

When breezes forget to blow and meadows are  
scorched with the sunshine,

And Apollo's earth-born son is driving the heavenly  
coursers.

## MY LILY.

To-night I gaze on the stars  
And as they I cannot sleep;  
But smiling they look afar  
As their silent watch they keep,  
While my heart is sad and heavy—  
Heavy since that day  
When the wind had stolen my lily  
And borne it far away.

I watched it grow, the sunlight played  
All round that lovely form,  
And ever my mind to that lily strayed  
And my heart grew strangely warm;  
The great world-desert has eaten her up  
And I smile not since that day,  
For the wind has stolen my lily  
And borne it far away.

Full clear are Daphne's fountains,  
Full fair are Italia's skies,  
Full bright are the crested Alpines  
When the day-star seems to rise;  
But my lily, my own lost lily,  
Is fairer than all I say—  
But the wind has stolen my lily  
And borne it far away.

They say beyond the starlit space,  
So far no eye may ken,  
An Aden blooms in the desert place  
And my lily shall bloom again;  
At the thought my poor heart quickens  
As it has not since that day,  
When the wind had stolen my lily  
And borne it far away.



### LOVED BEST.

Tinkling brooks and fairy dells,  
Moonlit skies and chiming bells,  
Summer days and wintry hours,  
Bees and birds and trees and flowers—  
All that's sweet  
That we meet  
In this grand old world of ours—  
Which do I love best?  
'Tis a maiden gay and free,  
Who has stolen my heart from me,  
And I cannot rest  
Till, with bliss like that above,  
I shall claim her as my love,  
My own, my dearest.

## A WEARY ONE'S SONG.

Smile on me, love, I am tired and weary,  
Longing to leave this hard struggle behind;  
Smile on me, love, for the world is so dreary,  
True friends are few and no rest can I find.

O for one heart that is true to me ever,  
True when joy smiles and in sorrow's stern  
pain—  
Love that the keen knife of slander can't sever,  
Love that's no truer in sunshine than rain.

I have went in where rich music was stealing  
Through gilded walls like a shower of rain;  
Home was not there so with still sadder feeling  
Wandered I back to the cold streets again.

Hands of the proud I have often been grasping,  
Grasp that doth chill like the wind or as steel,  
Vainly I wished for the old-fashioned clasping  
That told of a heart that for others could feel.

I have built castles as high as the heavens,  
Only to fade like a bubble away;  
I have seen beams bright as skies at the even  
Riven of brightness at dawning of day.

Give me one smile, love, thy fair face adorning;  
Smiles on lorn hearts are like dew on the grass,  
Hushing to slumber, to wake in the morning  
Fresher and beaming on all that doth pass.



## A SENSITIVE PLANT.

Earthly yet not of this earth, he seemed a wandering being  
Never destined for earth, a stranger from some  
    peopled planet—  
Strayed to this heartless sphere to drag out a  
    weary existence—  
Never to share in the joys and the hopes and  
    toils of its people.  
Little he seemed to care for play or boyish companions;  
Rather he loved to stray by the rills in the forested mountains;  
Truly he loved the brooklet more than often  
    brother loves brother.  
Little he seemed to care whether petted and  
    loved or hated,  
Little 'twas thought he cared for home and  
    friends that were dearest;  
Yet never a child pined more for love and hearts  
    sympathetic,  
And never were dear ones loved with a truer or  
    deeper affection.  
Yet he could mingle not with the crowd of children around him,  
For pearls and jewels to them to him were the  
    merest baubles,  
While his best, purest gold to unattuned ears  
    rang hollow.

Deserted by childish friends, he learned to commune with nature;  
Learned to linger in dells, by rocks, and in vales and meadows—  
Found in nature the love in vain he had sought for in humans.  
Thoughts far beyond his years passed through his childish visions;  
Floods of emotion welled in his soul and vainly sought an escapement.  
Often he gazed on the sky and noted the gossamers floating,  
At evening watched as the stars crept out to their ceaseless vigils;  
Wrapt in his thoughts he lay and who can tell what he fancied—  
What were the messages read in the God-written letters above him.  
Premature old was the child and friends oft in wonder noted  
That while they were speaking to him or telling his favorite stories,  
Attentive though he seemed his thoughts were wandering wildly,  
And the stories passed unheard in the tumult and whirl of his fancies.

## A LIFE STORY.

O cloudless day! O happy time!  
O life more dear than any chime,  
When hearts are light and pure as snow,  
The faultless time of childhood's glow.  
But frosted with the passing years,  
I see those visions now with tears;  
Again I to the meadow stray  
And cull the wild-flowers by the way;  
Again I hear the bluebirds call,  
And hear the ripened chestnuts fall—  
The brooklet rippling swiftly by  
Reflects the azure of the sky;  
Far gone are all the years of pain,  
And I a happy child again,  
And, sporting in the sunlight's gleam,  
I dam the brooklet's crystal stream—  
In after years I vainly tried  
To stem life's roaring, rushing tide.

The time flew by and boyhood passed,  
On manly things my thoughts were cast,  
Ambition stirred within my breast  
Fond hopes which gave the soul no rest;  
And one, a maiden bright and fair,  
With heart so light and smile so rare,  
Had won my heart—I loved, was loved—  
And all my former gladness proved  
But trifling to the joy I knew

As, vowing ever to be true,  
We wandered by the sandy shore,  
And, listening to the breakers' roar  
And gazing on the starry slope,  
We tried to cast our horoscope.

In manhood's dream the cares are few,  
Love painteth all with fairest hue;  
My spirit in its mad delight  
Soared higher than the eagle's flight.  
As all the hues that gild the morn  
Within yon shining orb are born,  
The brighter tints, of life a part,  
Are born within the loving heart.  
Like Bethlehem's star which led the way  
To where the infant Savior lay,  
Or like the cloud and pillar red  
That, floating in the sky o'erhead,  
Led Israel's van in days of yore;  
So Hope still beckoning goes before  
And leads us to the distant goal.  
From Pisgah's height my happy soul  
Looked out, attempting, but to fail,  
To pierce the future's misty veil.

Bright thoughts were plentiful to me  
As raindrops glistening on a tree  
When sunshine has succeeded shower,  
I culled a thought from every flower,  
They lurked in every shady nook,  
All nature seemed an open book—  
A feast of choicest viands spread;  
I ate, all earth was vanished, fled,

Each tree and rock, each tinkling rill  
Found voice, communed with vale and hill;  
The songster's cadence from the dell  
A tale of freedom seemed to tell;  
The sunbeams flitting through the trees—  
When rifted by the gentle breeze—  
That come and go and leave no trace,  
Seemed smiles astray from God's own face,  
And all the visions to me borne  
Were bright as Eastern skies at morn.

Alas, how transient is youth's sheen!  
A tempest gathered all unseen,  
And broke as breaks the ocean wave  
Upon the rocky shore, its slave.  
Chill breezes blew, the raindrops fell,  
And joys and hopes of youth as well;  
My fond dreams faded one by one  
As stars go out at rise of sun,  
And she, to whom my heart was wed,  
Was numbered with the voiceless dead;  
Death could not rend our souls apart—  
She lives enshrined within my heart.  
The woods and brook their charm so wierd  
Had lost—the nymphs had disappeared;  
With sighs and sobs and many doubts,  
This wholesome truth I pondered out:  
That smiles and tears, and love and strife,  
Must needs unite to form a life.

Full thirty years since then have passed,  
The years though sad have glided fast—  
E'en faster than in days of youth

When all was joy and love and truth—  
And every year my feet have strayed,  
A rose as pure as she I've laid  
Upon that sacred grassy mound,  
And felt her spirit hovering round;  
But now I've almost crossed the tide,  
The gulf no more rolls deep and wide  
Between me and Celestia's brink;  
I do not falter now nor shrink—  
His story ceased, the ones in wait  
His spirit bore to heaven's gate;  
They murmured love—the magic word  
The portals of true bliss unbarred—  
They entered, earthly tongue or pen  
Can not describe the meeting then.

## WINDS OF MEMORY.

I sit in the evening twilight,  
Weary and all alone,  
I think of the days that faded  
And the dear ones I have known.

And it seems the winds of memory  
Sweep o'er my weary brain,  
And the clouds of age are lifted  
And I am a child again.

Again I roam in the forest  
And drink from the purling stream,  
Again I stray to the forest  
And lazily lie and dream.

Then, culling the fairest blossoms  
That bloometh along the way,  
I turn to the old log cabin  
Again at the close of day.

The loved ones of youth, I greet them,  
There is father and mother, too;  
A sister I lost in life's morning,  
A brother with eyes of blue.

And one to my young heart dearer—  
My schoolmate once was she—  
A brown-eyed lass with a winning smile,  
I loved her—she loved me.

But the clouds of age returneth  
And the vision fades away,  
But I'm better for that dreaming  
Throughout the coming day.

So blow ye winds of memory,  
Ye gentle breezes hie,  
And bear me away to the happy land,  
The land of days gone by.



## TURN O'ER THE LEAF.

Turn o'er the leaf. Another year  
Has entered now the boundless deep  
Where all the joys of by-gone days—  
And all the tears—lie fast asleep.

Turn o'er the leaf, nor shed a tear  
Upon the time that glided by,  
Another dawn awaits thy gaze  
Where radiates the eastern sky.

Turn o'er the leaf. The coming day  
Has richest joys in store for thee;  
The grain is ripe, and duty calls:  
Gird on thy shield and follow me.

Turn o'er the leaf. Gird on thy shield—  
Thy country needs thy heart and hand;  
The God of glory guards the field  
And shall we longer idle stand?

Turn o'er the leaf. Yet must I pause  
And gaze upon the cryptic past  
Where broken resolutions lie,  
And fancies that have faded fast.

Turn o'er the leaf. Hang low, ye clouds,  
And hide this tempest-wafted bark!  
O, hear, O ever-doubting heart,  
The bright days doth exceed the dark!

Turn o'er the leaf. O past, be gone!  
The future face with dauntless mien;  
The lotus eat and memory lose  
And let your brighter thoughts be seen.

Turn o'er the leaf. O God of love,  
To Thee and Thee alone I pray:  
May mercy drape the fadeless past,  
And glory gild the opening day.

## CHRISTMAS.

Children, I'll tell you a story,  
A story strange but true;  
I'll make it as plain and simple  
As I know how to do.

No sounding words or phrases  
This story of mine shall hold—  
Just the gospel Christmas story  
With its own untarnished gold.

Away in a far, far country,  
And years and years ago,  
The shepherds at night were watching  
Their flocks by the moonlight's glow.

The world was lost in slumber,  
And calm had succeeded day,  
The birds of the air were in their nest  
And the beasts began to stray.

What is this light a-breaking—  
This sudden midnight day?  
The shepherds were filled with wonder  
And knelt as if to pray.

And, lo! an angel stood by them  
And said, "Ye need not fear;  
I bring you joyful tidings—  
The day of the Lord is near.

“In yonder city of David  
In a cave, a cave I say,  
(No room in the house for Jesus,  
The inn was filled that day.)

“Wrapped in clothes of swaddling  
The promised Messiah lies;  
Go yonder to the city  
Ere the stars have left the skies.”

Then, lo, their eyes were opened,  
The heavens with anthems rang,  
The angel hosts were chanting  
And this is the song they sang:

“Glory to God in the highest,  
Glory to God again;  
Peace on earth, all joy and mirth,  
Good will toward all men.”

The glorious vision faded  
From the shepherd's sight away,  
Rejoicing they went and found Him,  
Our Savior, on that day.

This, my child, is the story  
Of blessed Christmas Day,  
When Christ was born in Judea  
And in a manger lay.

Let us never forget the message,  
But sing it again and again,  
Of peace on earth, all joy and mirth,  
Good will toward all men.

## BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS.

The night is dark, O Lord,  
No longer can I see.  
With faltering step I tread  
The path which leads to Thee.  
Help me, O Lord, to choose  
The narrow way;  
Help me to do Thy will  
From day to day.

My heart is torn with doubts  
And fears and wishes wild,  
But, Father, still I long  
To be thy loving child.  
Help me, O Lord, to choose  
The narrow way;  
Help me to do Thy will  
From day to day.

The end I cannot see,  
'Tis hidden from my view;  
And oft doth evil rise  
With brighter, fairer hue.  
Help me, O Lord, to choose  
The narrow way;  
Help me to do Thy will  
From day to day.

Oh, calm my troubled soul  
As once thou hushed the wave!  
Oh, bid these fears depart

And make my weak heart brave.  
Help me, O Lord, to choose  
The narrow way;  
Help me to do Thy will  
From day to day.

### TO THE UNKNOWN.

I stood in silence where the dead were sleeping,  
I read the marble's story of each life,  
And somber thoughts, into my mind came creeping,

Of life and death, their never-ceasing strife;  
I paused before a column more imposing—  
Was it for some one born of nobler blood?  
No; beneath the sod here lies reposing,  
The unknown victims of the Johnstown flood.

Unknown! The very word has in it sadness,  
Unknown to live, to strive, and then to die;  
Not so with these—their lives were full of glad-  
ness

And only now in death unknown they lie.  
Upon their graves no asphodels are blooming—  
Alas, 'tis not the storied month of June!  
Upon them, half maternal care assuming,  
The rushing wind some withered leaves has  
strewn.

Here sleeps, perhaps, one who in life's bright  
morning  
Was the joy of a father's and mother's heart,  
Some sunbeam, some humble cot adorning,  
Who played on loving hearts with guileless  
art;

Somewhere, perhaps, in this world a mother—  
A Rachel—for her long-lost children weeps.  
A father, sister—who knows?—a brother,  
Mourneth for one who 'neath this marble  
sleeps.

And here a mother's heart has ceased its throbbing,  
A mother's love within the grave is stilled,  
No wounded child again shall cease its sobbing  
When kissed by thee—thy place can ne'er be  
filled;  
If children thine within the world are roaming  
They miss the love which thy fond heart bestowed,  
And often sigh for thee and wish thy coming,  
As oft of yore, to lift the heavy load.

Two lovers young were torn apart forever,  
Were torn asunder by that cruel wave—  
One lingers still within the world, but ever  
She thinks of one within the grass-grown  
'grave;  
And often as the sun is downward creeping  
She sits and sings a sweet and plaintive strain  
They both had loved; the darkness finds her  
weeping—  
O faithful heart, is thy true love in vain?



Oh! can it be those chords that now are broken  
Shall ne'er again in blissful harmony unite?  
Can words of comfort to these hearts be spoken,  
Or must forever last this dreary, starless  
night?

I hope and trust that He whose mighty power  
Makes spheres and men and angels all obey,  
Shall lead us all to some fair Eden bower  
Within the land of the Eternal Day.

**ROSES AND APPLE BLOSSOMS.**

Of all the fairest flowers  
In spring and summer born,  
That close their eyes at evetide  
And smile to greet the morn,  
There's two that I love dearest—  
I mourn for them when dead—  
The pure white apple-blossoms  
And the blushing roses red.

Among the time-worn relics  
Of my hopes that long-since fled  
Are a faded dust-stained blossom,  
And a rose that once was red;  
They are more to me than treasure,  
Those petals red and white,  
They bring to me sacred memories  
Of a being as pure and bright.

And visions that long have faded  
As fresh as in boyhood seem,  
And the years with their sorrows vanish  
And I dream again youth's dream;  
And so, of all earth's flowers  
In beauty and purity dressed,  
I love the pure-white blossoms  
And the blushing roses best.

## JUNE RONDEL.

'Tis June, merry June,  
All the earth its joy is telling,  
Hear the joyous music swelling,  
All our cares and fears dispelling;  
Oh, my heart is now in tune  
To the rippling brooklet's gladness  
And the happy songster's madness—  
There's no time for grief and sadness,  
All the earth is glad to-day!

'Tis sweet, sweet, sweet,  
Just to hear the songsters singing,  
Just to hear the woodlands ringing,  
See the flowers upward springing—

'Tis a rare, rare treat!  
Oh, how can one be sorry  
When the earth in all its glory  
Tells again creation's story—  
Tells of God and love divine?

Oh, I'm glad, glad, glad,  
Though the world is full of sorrow,  
Though our joy we sometimes borrow,  
There is ever a to-morrow—

Oh, this world is not so bad!  
There is less of shade than brightness,  
There is less of dark than lightness,  
Less of sin than of uprightness,  
If we view life as we should.

## LULLABY.

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
Hushed is all the great world's din;  
I can see the stars o'erhead,  
And the moonlight streaming in—  
Mother, smooth my wayward curls,  
Press a kiss upon my brow,  
With a last and lingering look  
Leave me to the darkness now.

Linger near me, angel mine,  
In the darkness now so deep;  
Fold thy wings and bow thy head  
O'er my pillow as I sleep;  
Whisper softly in my ear  
Tender songs of far away—  
Linger near me, angel mine,  
Till the breaking of the day.

Should I die before I wake,  
Leave my flowers and my play—  
Does the fresh-blown lily pine,  
Culled by careless ones and gay—  
On some far and fairer shore,  
Wait to welcome some one there—  
Why should I thus fear to die—  
I—so young, so pure, so fair?

Lay my body in the wood  
With the flowers blooming near,  
Carve upon the marble slab

These few words—these words of cheer:  
One as gay as yonder stream,  
Fond of lingering in this dell,  
Heard an angel call one day,  
Followed, entered, all is well.

## THE GARDEN.

Snowballs bloomed at the corner reminding them  
still of the winter,

Spoke to them of the briefness of joy, of life and  
of summer;

Bluebells told of a friendship ne'er fading, ne'er  
waning, ne'er dying;

Buttercups spoke of the memories of gladness  
and sadness departed;

Camomile told of hope, carnations of deepest  
affection;

Peonies spoke of wrath, and poppies of sweet  
consolation.

Pensive the cowslip stood while the crocus smiled  
in the sunshine;

Dignified dahlias bowed to the breezes that fain  
would have kissed them;

Larkspur, the fickle lass, was swayed by a whim  
or a whisper;

Lilacs told of the love which is purest and long-  
est enduring;

Narcissus, wrapt in self-love, stood near to the  
humble pansy,

While sweet peas whispered of trysts with the  
roses and pinks as lovers.

## TO ONE I LOVE NOT.

Leave me for I love thee not,  
My heart is closed and sealed forever;  
Be my form and name forgot—  
I love thee not, I'll love thee never.

Once I loved a comely maid  
But our natures bade us sever,  
Be thy hopes, thy fears, allayed—  
I love thee not. I love her ever.

Vain thy smiles and artful ways,  
Wasted is thy life's endeavor;  
Never shall I chant thy praise—  
I love thee not, I'll love thee never.

Shall the north wind woo the rose  
But to blast its form forever?  
Never; seek ye gallant beaux—  
I love thee not, I'll love thee never.

## THE CONFLICT.

I dreamed and saw a spacious battlefield,  
Two knights arrayed in panoply of war—  
One, Superstition, battered with the gore  
Of humans, fearful, blind, who tamely yield  
To him and join his fierce and fell crusade;  
The other, Reason, calm and boasting not,  
His shield and armor bright, no blood doth  
spot;  
The trumpet sounds—each knight unsheathes  
his blade—  
They meet in full career; the lurid beam  
Of one pale star illumines the scene, and, lo!  
Bold Superstition prostrate lieth. No;  
Antaeus rises. Know ye thus my dream:  
In every soul an Armageddon lies  
Where these do ever battle for the prize.



## LITTLE ETHEL.

In the doorway little Ethel  
Stands, and glances down the lane,  
Looks to see her father coming,  
But her watching is in vain.

On that morning he had kissed her,  
Kissed her twice and said good-bye—  
Low his accents, broken, husky,  
And a tear was in his eye.

Day had passed, the sun was sinking,  
Then her longing changed to fear;  
Evening soon gave way to twilight,  
Yet no footsteps did she hear.

When the twilight changed to darkness  
Mother's face in fear she seeks:  
"Where is papa, dearest papa?"  
Sobbingly the mother speaks—

Tells her of the field of battle  
Far beneath the Southern skies—  
Where the patriot blood is flowing,  
There the father's duty lies.

Ah, fair Ethel, little Ethel,  
No fond kiss to-night for thee,  
Oft thy tears may flow in silence  
Ere that form again you see.

When the distant stars were shining,  
As the moonbeams 'round her played,  
By her cot knelt little Ethel,  
Clasped her tiny hands and prayed :

“Lord, I want my dearest papa”—  
Then she stops and sighs in pain—  
“Ethel is so sad and lonely,  
Bring my papa home again.”

Thus prayed Ethel, little Ethel,  
And we join our prayers with thine—  
Soon, O God, the storm clouds scatter,  
And let peace forever shine.

## LOST TREASURES.

I once had a lily white,  
Ethereal and bright,  
    With nectar rare  
    In its chalice fair,  
And all of earth's beauty seemed centered there;  
I wandered far away—  
    The fleeting years stole on,  
    The ruthless years stole on—  
And I've wandered back to-day,  
But the lily I loved is gone.

I once had a home so dear,  
A palace of love and cheer,  
    In orchard croft  
    And in skies aloft  
The birds sang their carols or love-notes soft;  
I wandered far away—  
    The fleeting years stole on,  
    The ruthless years stole on—  
And I've wandered back to-day,  
But the home that I loved is gone.

I once had a friend so true—  
Such friends are, alas, too few—  
    In boyish glee  
    We rambled so free,  
Through woodland and meadow, o'er vale and  
    lea;

I wandered far away—  
The fleeting years stole on,  
The ruthless years stole on—  
And I've wandered back to-day,  
But the friend that I loved is gone.

I once had hopes so high,  
Towering against the sky,  
Those hopes so bright  
And buried to-night,  
And never again will my heart be light;  
For I wandered far away—  
The fleeting years stole on,  
The ruthless years stole on—  
And I wandered back to-day,  
But the hopes of youth were gone.

## RUTH.

Swiftly the master's grain is reaped,  
The hearts of the workers are blithe and gay,  
And, lo, where the yellow sheaves are heaped  
A stranger gleans in the field to-day.

Toiling beneath the harvest sun,  
She patiently gathers the scattered corn;  
And, lo, when her humble task is done,  
The master bids her return at morn.

Daily she gleans and when at last  
The harvest is gathered—a goodly store—  
She shares in the master's rich repast,  
And gleans the grain in the fields no more.

Gleaners in God's fair field of life,  
Though hot is the sun and the field is wide,  
When harvest is o'er and earthly strife,  
We'll share His stores on the other side.

**THE HAPPIER PLACE.**

“The country’s best,” the farmer cries,

“There pure fresh air is blowing,  
There ripened fruit abundant lies,  
There crystal streams are flowing;  
There near the azure-tinted sky  
The birds rich songs are trilling,  
As if the anthems sang on high  
From angel lips were spilling.”

“We love the town,” the townsmen cry,

“We love its streets and alleys  
Far better than where brooklets lie  
In glens and dales and valleys;  
We love its mansions tall and grand,  
Their walls time’s trademark bearing,  
O had they voice, what a storyland  
Of deeds most dark and daring.”

The poet sings of rural ways

And loves the shady bowers,  
Where, in the breezy summer days,  
He dreams away the hours;  
And dreams of brighter worlds than this  
Wherein, with greater glory—  
With soul imbued with richer bliss—  
To sing a new, new story.

The lover, wisest of the four,  
With candor pure, unfeigning,  
Cries out, "The place where blessings pour  
Is where true love is reigning;  
True love will open Aden's gates;  
'Twill make each bright spot brighter,  
True love makes earth and heaven mates,  
And makes each light heart lighter."

## MY VALENTINE.

I've sent my love a valentine  
As fragile and fair as she—  
Flowers enfold  
A message bold,  
A message written in letters of gold  
Saying, "Love, wilt thou be mine?"

I've sent my love a valentine  
As radiant and rare as she—  
Gladness will fly  
And hope will die,  
And sorrow's fountain will never run dry.  
If she says, "I'll not be thine."

I've sent my love a valentine  
As brilliant and bright as she,  
As lustrous and light as she—  
Sadness will fly  
And sorrow die,  
And rapture's fountain will never run dry,  
If she answers, "I am thine."



## ONLY A WORD.

Only a word we oft-times think,  
Only a pebble upon the brink  
Of the troubled sea of life;  
A word is small but be careful ever,  
A word the strongest of ties may sever  
As if with the keenest knife.

Only a word, 'tis uttered, gone,  
Growing in force as time rolls on  
As an Alpine avalanche,  
Until, in some direful future hour,  
We find it grown to o'erwhelming power—  
Before it we quail and blanch.

Often we spurn the little seeds—  
Only the germs of future weeds—  
One becomes a flower bright;  
Its fragrance drives from our hearts the sorrow,  
And, lost in bliss, we forget the morrow,  
Until come the shades of night.

Only a word, a little thing,  
But to the trifles closely cling,  
Thus we greatest treasures win;  
Rough pebbles first are the jewels rarest,  
But, lo, when burnished they shine the fairest  
And brightest of all their kin.

Only words but choose them well,  
What they may bring forth none can tell—

They may bloom in after years;  
They may save some sinking soul from drowning,  
They may keep some burdened one from frown-  
ing,

They may drive away some tears.

## WINTER.

"What joys dost thou bring us, wintry hours,  
What balm for these aching hearts of ours?"  
I cried as the hosts of gloom camped nigh.  
O list, I'll relate thee the sage reply.

"I bring thee the music of jingling bells—  
O hear, how their melody loudly swells!  
I bring thee an artist among my train—  
To rival him earth may hope in vain.

"I bring thee long eves when by glowing fire  
Are gathered the children, and aged sire  
Who, warmed through and through by the  
    kindly glow,  
Tells tales of the bright land of long ago.

"I bring to the skater smooth lakes of glass—  
O hear how they shout as they swiftly pass!  
To earth I the beautiful snow convey,  
I bring thee the blessed Christmas day.

" 'Tis true that my winds are bleak and loud,  
The leaves are laid low 'neath a ghastly shroud;  
The brooklet is silent now all the time,  
The bird trills his song in a fairer clime.

"But if summer should always supremely reign,  
The joys of her brightest hours would wane;  
The sights, we in wonder look upon,  
Grow dull as the tide of years rolls on.

“The glare of the day is relieved by night;  
So summer’s green fields I replace with white.”  
I heard, when the hosts of gloom camped nigh,  
Those words and my soul cried out in reply:

“With patience I’ll bear thy easy yoke,  
Instead of the birds I’ll the Muse invoke;  
Though silent the woodland and frozen the rill,  
I love thee, O winter, I love thee still!”

## TWO PRAYERS.

It was Christmas. Nineteen hundred  
Years had swept the earth amain  
Since, on plains of far Judea,  
Angels sang that joyous strain:  
Peace on earth, good will to mortals,  
Lo, in Bethlehem's manger lies  
Christ, the long-expected Savior,  
Who shall lead thee to the skies.

It was Christmas. I was dreaming,  
In the early morning light,  
Of my country's past and future,  
Of its record, pure and bright;  
Then a vision rose before me,  
I beheld two Christians pray—  
One within our own loved country,  
One in islands far away.

"Crown our soldiers, Lord, with victory,  
Speed the day of blessed peace,  
When the traitors see their folly  
And shall bid their warriors cease  
In their war of mad defiance  
Of their rightful lord and king—  
We who bear them joyful tidings,  
We who light and freedom bring."

Thus the first, the Christian native,  
On the island far away,  
Turned his earnest eyes toward heaven  
And, me-thinks, I heard him pray :  
“Give us strength, O Lord, to battle  
For the sake of loved ones near ;  
Help us drive the proud usurpers  
From the land we hold so dear !

“They have brought us death and darkness—  
They who boast their freedom true ;  
We have homes and wives and children,  
And we prize our freedom, too.  
Steel our hearts, O Lord, to battle  
For the truth and for the right,  
Till we free our land forever  
From the tyrant’s rule of might !”

It was Christmas. I awakened,  
But the visions with me dwell,  
And I wonder which petition  
Shall be answered—time shall tell !  
God is just and, in the final  
Consummation of his plan,  
Right shall rule the world forever—  
“Peace on earth, good will to man.”

## TO A FORMER PUPIL.

Evangel mine, when hope had waned  
Before the dismal, warring wind  
Of joys dispelled and blessings feigned,  
And all was dark within my mind.

As when a fire smolders low,  
And over embers dying fast  
Is shed a pale and lurid glow,  
The twilight of the glory past.

You breathed upon the ashy heap  
And lit again the sacred fire;  
You waked emotion from its sleep  
And bade my soul again aspire.

Since last we met the years have passed  
And you and I have changed as well,  
Yet by my love I hold you fast,  
As by the magic of a spell.

To-night I see you just the same—  
The dancing eye, the trusting smile—  
As when I learned to speak your name,  
And know a mortal free from guile.

A traveler, through a sun-scorched waste  
I, weary, thirsty, faint and blind,  
Beheld a haven rise—made haste  
And found creations of my mind.

Hedged in by thickets tangled, wild—  
No path discerned, no goal descried—  
A frail, bewildered, frightened child  
Turned, unimpeded pathways tried.

I tasted life's absinthine wine  
And all the world seemed steeped in gall,  
And every star forgot to shine  
And deepest gloom was over all.

Then, like the dawning of the day,  
A few faint streaks of light broke through;  
Then radiance drove the dark away—  
A single star shone bright and true.

O loved one, you have little guessed  
The inspiration you have been  
To make my life more pure and blest,  
And keep me from the paths of sin.

You trod the pathway to the skies  
With steps so graceful, light, and free;  
You oped the gate of Paradise  
And left it stand ajar for me.

You wove anew the thread of life  
And intermingled golden strands;  
You touched the form all bent with strife  
And, by the magic of thy hands,

It rose again in strength and youth  
And donned once more its armor bright,  
Went forth to battle for the truth  
And die, if need be, for the right.



O loved one, may you ne'er be led  
In rugged paths of sin and care,  
But, innocent and guileless, tread  
In Virtue's path—her crown to wear.

But should it be, still in my mind  
No shadow shall on thee be cast,  
And I no stain or blemish find  
In this blest memory of the past.

And still within the darkening skies  
Shall gleam a never-waning star,  
And ever as I seek to rise  
Shall beckon onward from afar.

**WHEN THE NIGHT COMES ON.**

When the shadows gather round me and all is  
hushed and still,  
And I sit and watch the stars creep out o'er  
yonder looming hill,  
I live once more the hallowed life of days now  
past and gone;  
And I think of thee, my darling, when the night  
comes on.

I think once more of how we roamed together  
hand-in-hand  
As the sun went down in glory, gilding sky and  
cloud and land;  
My tale of love I told you and you promised to  
be mine,  
As the twilight slowly faded and the stars began  
to shine.

The brooklet paused a moment and the winds  
forgot to sigh,  
The little leaves hung listless, and the silver  
clouds on high  
Seemed anchored fast in heaven, and the moon-  
beams listened near  
When we vowed to love forever, as the stars  
shone bright and clear.

FROM LIFE'S WAYSIDE. 71

But we little knew the future and we parted  
    long ago,  
And the years have swiftly glided with their  
    gladness, with their woe;  
But the years have brought no tidings of the  
    loved one that is gone,  
Yet I think of thee, my darling, when the night  
    comes on.